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the text it may not be necessary to describe the document in the note, but when, as happens occasionally, either or both of these is lacking, the reference becomes hopelessly blind. There are also a few vague foot-notes where we are referred simply to "Journal of the House of Delegates" (p. 78 ff.); to "Bancroft VIII" (p. 123); to "Yates" (p. 135); and to "Ford's *Essays on the Constitution*" (p. 142). A few misprints have been observed, nearly all of a minor character, except on page 297, where we are told that Napoleon boasted of receiving for Louisiana sixty million "livers." Generally speaking, the volume is as creditable in appearance as it is sound in its contents, and it forms a worthy opening number for the biographical series of which it is a part.

THEODORE CLARKE SMITH.

Nelson and his Captains: Sketches of Famous Seamen. By W. H. FITCHETT. (London: Smith, Elder, and Company. 1902. Pp. 322.)

THIS is a very useful, entertaining, and creditable little volume. It is not and is not intended to be an original or exhaustive work of research either in biography or in naval history, but gives just what the title-page promises—a series of sketches. They are thoughtfully and enthusiastically written in a simple yet pleasing, vivacious style. They stimulate interest or refresh the memory concerning the strategy and tactics of the greatest epoch in naval history, and present in convenient form the life and character of great sailors who won safety and glory for England and made great advances in the science of warfare on the sea.

Though Nelson is the ostensible subject of but one of the chapters, he is the inspiration of the whole book. Indeed the second chapter has for its title "The Men of Nelson's School", and though each of the remaining chapters bears the name of one of the great sailors of this school, it is largely in relation to Nelson that their careers are described.

The chapter on Nelson is not a biography, but a "character study" done with great insight and literary skill, with impartiality and yet with perfect sympathy. The author emphasizes with admirable candor the weakness as well as the nobility of his high-strung, moody character, the possible flaws as well as the overwhelming dazzling supremacy of his naval genius. We get a vivid picture of the "fragile, undersized, half-womanly figure", who was yet "the greatest sea-warrior the world has ever seen" and "almost, if not quite, the most terrible fighter, whether on sea or land, war has known", for whom "to be in the passion and perils of a great battle" was, in his own words, to be "in the full tide of happiness." In a few luminous sentences the author gives an appreciation of Nelson's strategy and tactics, of his debts to his predecessors and his superiority to them. We see his discipline, his care for the health of his men, his perfect efficiency even in mere practical seamanship, his burning sense of duty with all its limitations and narrowness, his loyalty to his subordinates, and his power of arousing their devotion; for "the noble law that trust creates loyalty, and love kindles love, fulfilled itself

in Nelson's career." The author appropriately closes his sketch by making an interesting comparison of Nelson with his great contemporaries, Wellington and Napoleon.

The chapter on the men of Nelson's school gives a vivacious account of the rough yet efficacious practical apprenticeship of the lads who became Nelson's captains, contrasts in effective manner the achievements of the navy with the — to modern eyes — tiny ships of the time, gives instances of the well-nigh incredible courage bred in officers and men by the old system or lack of system, and, as typical elements in the character of Nelson's captains, suggests hate of Frenchmen, love of adventure and of a fat prize, "pride of race, pride in the flag, loyalty to king and country, the impulse of discipline, the dread of dishonour, the sense of comradeship with gallant men and of partnership in great deeds." To these forces the author emphatically adds the personal influence and training of Nelson. "The infection of his lofty and eager spirit caught lower natures and hurried them beyond themselves." His "praise was for them fame; his disapproval was more bitter than defeat, and more to be dreaded than death."

Then follow the interesting sketches of the individual captains. First Berry, who was no tactician, but an unsurpassed fighting subordinate. The next portrait is that of the "gallant and good Riou," as Nelson called him, the hero of "well-nigh the most heroic feat of seamanship on record." This feat was of course the famous affair of the wrecked *Guardian*, which Riou with a handful of men kept afloat and triumphantly brought into Table Bay after nine weeks of almost incredible endurance, skill, and courage — qualities which we meet again in the tragic close of his career at Copenhagen, where, in Nelson's words, the shot that cut Riou in two inflicted upon the British navy an "irreparable loss." Riou's own dying words, "What will Nelson think of us?", strikingly exemplify the feeling of the "school" for the master.

Then Blackwood, the hero of the famous fight between his frigate of 36 guns and the *Guillaume Tell*, an incident "difficult to parallel in sea warfare," Blackwood, the "prince of frigate captains," who twice refused the command of a 74 for mere joy in frigate service. The chapter on Blackwood is particularly pleasing as illustrating the author's readiness to recognize heroism in French officers, as indeed Blackwood himself became a lifelong friend of the gallant commander of the *Guillaume Tell*. Apart from his important services in the preliminaries and in the actual battle of Trafalgar, he is immortalized in Nelson's "God bless you, Blackwood, I shall never see you more."

Troubridge of course finds, as he deserves, an enthusiastic chapter, Troubridge, of whom Nelson said, "he is, as a friend and an officer, a nonpareil." Next to Nelson, says Dr. Fitchett, "scarcely any other sailor in that age of great seamen gives so vividly the sense of capacity for great things." "Look at Troubridge," cried the usually grim, undemonstrative Jervis at St. Vincent. "He takes his ship to battle as though the eyes of all England were upon him; and would to God they were!"

The tragedy of the *Culloden* helplessly aground at the battle of the Nile is relieved by Nelson's noble and successful insistence, "for heaven's sake, for my sake," that Troubridge should be equally honored with his other captains. But those black, maddening hours on the shoals were not the only tragedy of Troubridge's career; and it is with feelings of deep sadness that we read of his breach with Nelson and finally of the cyclone in which he and his ship went down together.

We get graphic pictures of the splendid exploits of the gigantic, dauntless Hallowell; a good portrait of Ball, the philosopher-sailor, Nelson's great friend, distinguished at the Nile and hero of the siege of Malta; and one of the gallant opponent of Linois, Saumarez, whom, it is unpleasant to remember, Nelson unjustly disliked in spite of his great daring and superb seamanship. Sketches are also given of Parker, of Pellew (Lord Exmouth), of Foley, and lastly of Hardy, who was "imperishably linked to the memory of Nelson by the pathos of the immortal scene in the cockpit of the *Victory*, and by the half-womanly tenderness" of Nelson's dying words, in which "Hardy's name is enshrined for all time." With him, who beyond all others was the "comrade Nelson would have chosen to hold his hand as he died," and in whose coffin Nelson's portrait lies, the interesting and inspiring volume closes.

W. F. TILTON.

The Story of General Bacon. By ALNOD J. BOGER. (London: Methuen and Company. 1903. Pp. xii, 308.)

In our American generation of Civil War veterans, all of whom have experienced the daily toils and pleasures of campaigning, there has always been an audience for the personal narrative of a soldier; since the Boer War this class in Great Britain has multiplied. The technical military history commands fewer readers. Human sympathy goes out towards the individual, not the army corps. It is a long hark back to Waterloo, and yet the story of one who there bore arms loses not interest. A direct descendant of Anthony (brother of Francis Lord Bacon) and son of one of the richest commoners in England; the youngster who even at Eton refused to take a birching at the hands of the famous flogger Keats, because a commission in the Sixteenth Light Dragoons had been provided for him before he left school, and he was already entitled to wear the king's uniform; the youngster whose father never gave him a regular allowance, but paid his debts from time to time, was apt to grow up wayward. And this in a way Bacon was; but he appears to have learned to ride and fence and speak the truth — a mighty good education, properly construed, to-day.

Joining his regiment in Spain in 1813 young Bacon, then seventeen years old, found himself among a lot of veterans of twenty-two and three who had been in the field for four years; but, like most cavalry officers, he saw more of hardy but innocuous outpost duty and less of hard fighting than he would have seen in the foot, on whom falls four-fifths of the desperate work of the assault or the battle. He had, from an adjoining hill, "a